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The Time of Need.

(J. Scott James, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

John Macdonald was returning one December night from a pleasant gathering of friends. The moon was pouring its light into the somewhat murky atmosphere of a London square, and though it did not extinguish the light of the lamps, it made them less necessary than usual.

Though not very late, the streets were almost deserted, and as he turned out of the square he heard a door open, and looking, saw a young lady emerge. She had a shawl thrown over her head and held together underneath her chin, and her dress gathered up in her other hand as though she were about to run. As he came up, she paused, and then, as if under a sudden impulse, said, 'Please, will you help me? Will you fetch Dr. Crozier?'

There was an unmistakable tone of trouble in the sweet, clear voice that spoke to him, that appealed irresistibly to the young man. 'Certainly I will!' he answered. 'Where does he live?'

'Dr. Crozier lives in the next street,' she said. 'My father is ill, and I am alone in the house. I was going to run myself when I saw you. Please forgive me!'

'I am very glad to help you,' he said, raising his hat, 'and will bring him at once.' Then, turning back, he said, 'But what name shall I give?'

'Morecambe,' she answered gratefully, as she ran up the steps again.

There was a slight flutter of heart as John Macdonald went to discharge his errand. I suppose it was scarcely possible to be otherwise with a young fellow at the susceptible age of one-and-twenty. He arrived at the doctor's house just as he was getting out of his carriage.

Hearing himself asked for, the doctor turned round and said, somewhat brusquely, 'I hope you don't want me to go out to-night again!'

'I am afraid that is just what I do want,' answered Macdonald.

'I'll go nowhere till I've had something to eat,' gruffly responded the doctor.

'Well, I'd better give my message, at all events,' said Macdonald. 'Mr. Morecambe is taken ill and wants your help.'

'Eh! what? Morecambe?' exclaimed the doctor; 'well, that's serious! I'll be round as soon as I can. I must have a mouthful first. Won't stand many more of them, I'm afraid.'

Macdonald rose to go.

'If you are going back,' cried the doctor, 'don't you alarm that young girl. She has enough to bear without.'

'I'll take care,' he answered, as he left the place.

'I suppose I ought to call and leave word,' he said to himself, as he went back; but it was with a certain amount of shyness that he did so. 'Is there anything more I can do for you?' he asked, as he stood in the hall with Miss Morecambe, having delivered his message, 'although a stranger, I shall be only too glad.'

'No, nothing!' she replied, with a pleasant smile. 'I cannot tell you how grateful I am. The doctor will relieve him when he comes. It was unfortunate I should be left alone.'

Just as he was leaving, the doctor came up. 'You're not going!' he exclaimed. 'Better not just now, till I see; I may want you. Now, my dear, take me upstairs.'

She opened the door of a room for Macdonald to enter, and with a blush led the doctor upstairs. Presently she returned. 'You must excuse us——,' she began.

'Pray do not mention it,' he interrupted. 'I shall be glad if I can be of any use. Pray, how is your father?'

'Worse, I am afraid,' she said, the tears

PLEASE, WILL YOU HELP ME?

starting into her eyes. 'He will be taken off in one of these attacks, I fear.'

'Let us hope not. God is very good, he may spare him to you.'

She looked up as if surprised to hear a young man speak so. 'Do you believe in God?' she inquired.

'I do indeed!' he answered. 'Don't you?'

'I can hardly tell you,' she answered; 'I do in a vague kind of way. I think my feeling has more of fear in it than anything else.'

'Ah! you must get rid of that,' he answered, 'God is our Father, full of tender love to all his children.'

'If that were true, would he let my father suffer as he does?'

'Yes, I think he might. You know, suffering makes us feel the need of God. We want help then, and comfort.'

'I think that is true,' she said, raising her eyes to his; 'I have wanted help so much. But God has seemed such a long way off.'

'It sometimes seems so until we know Jesus Christ,' he answered. 'You see, it is our Saviour to whom we are to go, and he brings us to the Father, and teaches us to love him.'

'I do not quite understand,' she said.

'Perhaps not,' he replied. 'And yet if you go to him, and trust him, you will find he does help you.'

'But how am I to go?' she asked.

'Pray to him. Raise your heart reverently, and look up. He will hear you and save you.'

'But I am not fit to go,' she said, impulsively. 'I have lived without him all these years, and shall I go now because I am in trouble? It seems mean.'

'But if he loves you, and is grieved because you stay away, is it not meaner still to keep back?'

'I believe it is,' she answered. 'And you think he will hear me if I pray?'

'I am sure he will.'

'Then I will try,' she said, looking up more brightly. 'It does seem strange that

I should be able to talk to you like this, and I don't even know your name!'

'My name is Macdonald!' he said, smiling.

Presently the doctor called her, and then went away. He had not wanted any help, 'He would get over it this time,' he said.

Then Macdonald rose, and as they said good-bye she added, 'You have helped me. I mean to try Jesus Christ.'

The Church on the Common.

It was Sunday afternoon. The city clocks, large and small, had struck the hour of two, and the warm rays of the early summer sun had driven the loungers to the shade. Passing rapidly down the street at a half trot, with an anxious, inquiring expression upon his wrinkled face, came a little old man.

'What ye looking fur, Daddy?' asked one of the brawny young men who was leaning against the rail in front of a saloon.

'Have you seen my boy, Tom?' was the eager inquiry.

'Yes, he's down at Dockerty's.'

With a queer little bow of thanks the old man hastened away. The red-eyed young athlete to whom the newcomer had spoken voiced the thought of all when he said.

'Poor little codger! Just a "little bit off." He follers Tom 'round and pesters the life out of him to go to the meeting. Of course Tom is good to him, but he does get awfully provoked sometimes, when he is out for a nice quiet Sunday, and that little old father of his will come along and get hold of his arm and try to run him into some sort of a Gospel praise meeting. Now, yer know, Tom ain't one of that sort of fellers; he is "one of the boys," and when anybody succeeds in getting him within sound of a parson's voice, why they'll do something that ain't never been done yet.'

The father hurried through the street, taking all the short-cuts possible, until he reached the place named, and there, sure enough, sitting on an empty keg, a black pipe between his teeth, was Tom. No one would have imagined that big Tom Blackthorne was the son of the diminutive specimen who now stepped briskly up with a joyful look, and saying in a quivering voice:

'Why, Tommy, my lad, I've been looking for you.'

Great, six foot, brawny Tom glanced down upon the speaker with a look of pitying tolerance, but did not condescend to answer.

'I want you to come over to the Common,' said the piping voice.

'What for?'

'Going to be some fun there,' said the old man, with an attempt at good fellowship that was an absurd failure. The young giant on the barrel smiled good-humoredly, but did not stir.

'Now, Daddy,' he said, pointing to a seat which the old man obediently took, 'now, Daddy, what's the use of following me 'round this way? You know you can't rake me into any preaching; I'm dead set against it. I hate it, but I'm willing that you should go all you wish, and shout glory just as loud as you can, and crack yer voice if yer want to; but I don't want any of it in mine, Daddy.'

'But, Tom,' argued the other, 'this is different; this ain't no church; all the boys go, and the singing is splendid, and I tell ye, there's going to be fun there!'

'Fun! What fun is there in psalm-singing? What fun is there in preaching? Oh, you can't catch me that way!'

'I tell yer, Tom, there's going to be fun; it's agin the law for them men to preach, and the cops are goin' to pull them in.'

At once the son was interested. He made a movement as if to go; then, recollecting himself, sank back into his old position.

'Somebody's been stuffing yer, old man.'

'No, they haven't; I know all about it. They had warrants out after last Sunday's preaching, and pulled them in and fined them ten dollars apiece. And they're going to be there again this Sunday. I know it, sure.'

Without another word the young man stood up and started on a steady stride for the Common.

Once there, Tom Blackthorne decided to see the thing through, especially as he expected, before the service was finished, to see the daring offender against the law pulled down from his pulpit, and perhaps shaken up a trifle, or possibly clubbed; or, at all events, marched to the station house. And so the exercise went on.

Crowded among those in the front rank stood Tom, and close beside him was his father. Standing there they saw the burly policemen step forward when the singer had given place to a second gentleman who read from the Bible, and with official brusqueness taken down the name and address.

'Don't seem to scare them two fellows very much,' muttered Tom, keenly eyeing the preachers.

'It's because the Lord is with them,' whispered the old man, with a half frightened, half joyful quaver in his voice.

'You shut up,' said Tom.

And the father obeyed.

For more than an hour the reading and singing and preaching went on, and Tom, great, burly, skeptical Tom, restless wherever he was, dissatisfied with everything except rioting, stood and listened to it all. And once as the old man glanced up into his face, he saw the great red hand go up and brush away a tear, but he had no chance to rejoice, for Tom in his deep bass voice said savagely, 'Shut up, old man.'

When the service closed, Tom with authority in his voice, sent his father home, and himself started for an afternoon's pleasuring at City Point.

Weeks passed swiftly by. Services were held on that Common which will make heaven ring, for more than one poor sinner found there the way to heaven.

Down Washington street, on a half-trot, came one day a little bent, aged figure.

'It's old Blackthorne,' said the loungers in subdued tones. But none of them laughed, not one, for a deep sorrow had fallen on the old man. Tom was killed that day. He stopped for a moment answering the pitying bow of an acquaintance.

'Pretty rough about Tom,' said the man, with an attempt at sympathy.

The old man straightened up, though his voice shook pitifully as he said:

'No, Jim, ain't rough; it is all right. I wouldn't have it different.'

'You wouldn't,' said the other, thrown entirely off his guard, and in utter surprise—'you wouldn't! Why, man alive, think of what an awful thing it is to be scalded to death, as Tom was! Why, I believe I'd rather be shot to pieces a hundred times than suffer as he suffered them two hours to-day. You wouldn't had it different! Why, man, you're crazy!'

'No; I wouldn't had it different,' repeated the old man, the tears rolling down his cheeks. 'The Lord gave and the Lord took away; blessed be the name of the Lord. I know what poor Tom suffered, and I remember it all; but when I remember something else I forget that.'

'What's that?'

'Well, that,' said the old man, his face lighting up, 'that is, that Tom as he died belonged to the church.'

The listener looked at him pityingly.

'Old fellow,' he said, 'you had better go home; your head troubles you; you ain't all right; you don't know just what you're going to say. Tom didn't belong to no church.'

'Indeed he did—to a church that God knows, if man does not!'

'What church is that?' asked the listener.

'The church on the Common.'

'Did Tom take any stock in that?' was the subdued inquiry.

For reply the other drew out a little rubbed Testament with morocco binding, and turning its leaves, pointed to a worn and tear-stained place, and said:

'Tom heard that chapter on the Common; that was the beginning of the change for him; and as he lay dying he whispered to me, and he says, "Daddy, can you read it?" and I knew what he meant; so I read it to him; and Tom did like he used to when he was a little child, folded his hands across his breast, and with his poor, burnt lips, prayed. Yes, thank God, he was in heart a member of God's church on the Common, and I never truly knowed it till to-day. You don't think strange of it, do you? But I wouldn't have it no different.'

Healing Through Mr. Muller's Prayer.

(The 'Christian Herald.')

A remarkable case of answered prayer is that of Mr. Pentoul, an old man of ninety years of age. He was at one time very ill, suffering from cancer in the face. He lived in Bristol, and was one day visited by Mr. George Muller. That saintly man, full of sympathy for his sad case, prayed for him in the following terms: 'If it be thy will, thou canst restore thy dear servant to perfect health and strength, and if it be thy will and for thy glory, we beg of thee to do it.' The wife expressed her thanks, and said that, of the many who had come to see her husband, no one had ever prayed for his recovery before. Soon after the place began to heal, and eventually a new skin gathered over the diseased part, and that old man of ninety regained strength again. Some time afterwards the narrator of this incident saw Mr. Pentoul along with Mr. Muller on the same platform. Truly, 'the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.'

Sample Copies.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Kathryn's Opportunity.

(Elizabeth Robbins, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'Quite an honor, isn't it?' said Kathryn's father. 'How did it come about?'

'Through Mrs. DeMont. She is acquainted with everybody and has influence.'

'Think what it will be for Kittie,' said Kathryn's sister, enthusiastically, 'accompanist to the great 'cello player,' and at the Associated Charities Concert! Everybody will be there.'

'It is Kittie's ambition to be a second Paderewski, and this is the first step, I suppose,' said Kathryn's brother.

Aunt Jane shook her head disapprovingly. 'Kittie isn't out of High school yet,' she said, 'and even if she were the chance should be given to some girl who will have to make her living by music and needs the opportunity to make herself known.'

'Reverses may come and I may have to earn my living,' Kathryn returned, lightly.

'What shall you wear, Kittie?' her sister asked.

Aunt Jane said the new dress Kittie had just had would answer very well, but she was overruled by the others, who declared that for such a special occasion nothing less than a gown made especially for it would do.

Then they were told that the table was waiting, and they all adjourned to the dining room.

Kathryn lay awake a long time that night, thinking of the concert. She wondered if her name would be on the programme, and thought how well it would look printed in full—Kathryn Sloane Spencer. She imagined her sensations when she should take her place at the piano and face the audience. She speculated as to what might be the outcome of this introduction to the public and resolved that she would work hard to do herself credit. Then she fell to planning the new gown, and dropped asleep at last trying to decide which of two ways she should have it made.

There was some delay in getting the music of the accompaniment, and when it did come and Kathryn ran it over she was disappointed to find in it so little chance for display. Nevertheless, she set to work diligently, determined to make the very most of it. Mornings, afternoons, and evenings she practiced till her brother Phil declared, laughingly, that the whole family and all the neighbors would have that particular music printed indelibly on the tablets of their memory.

The concert was little more than a week distant, and Kathryn had begun to think herself nearly perfect in her rendering of the accompaniment, when it happened one day that a hard rain began just as school was closed, and Kathryn, being unprovided with macintosh or umbrella, took a car home. Several other girls did the same, and among them was Margaret Eastman, a classmate of Kathryn's. Margaret was called odd, but only for the reason that she was very reserved, gave her whole time to study, and seemed not to care to make friends with anyone.

The car had hardly started when it had to stop—for a considerable time as it proved—because of some obstruction on the track. The person next Kathryn went out, and greatly to Kathryn's surprise Margaret Eastman left her own seat and came and took the vacant place. 'I heard you were to play at the Associated Charities concert,' she began at once; 'is it so?'

'Do you play?' Kathryn asked, when she had answered the question. Margaret replied that she had played ever since she was tall enough to reach the keys of the piano standing on her tiptoes, and after she added that it was her greatest ambition to excell as an accompanist there were no pauses in the conversation.

Neither noticed when the car started, and so interested did Margaret become in the interchange of ideas and experiences that she was carried several blocks beyond the corner where she should have got out, before she thought. 'I don't care,' she laughed, 'it is worth getting wet to meet with someone who likes music as well as I do.'

Kathryn was thoughtful and troubled after Margaret left her; conscience had suddenly demanded a sacrifice on her part, and it didn't seem as if she could bring herself to make it. She had always known in a vague way that the Eastmans must be poor, but till now it had made little impression on her mind. Margaret, all unconsciously, had shown how intensely she longed to help in the support of the family. 'I have two pupils already,' she confided, 'and there are two more I think I could get if I had the time for them. I want to leave school and give myself wholly to music, but mother will not consent to that, she says I must graduate whatever happens. It is only a little while now. I have set down the number of days, and I check off one every night, I am so impatient to begin really to earn my living. If I could only be sure of pupils enough,' she added, with a little anxious frown.

'But I thought you wanted to be an accompanist,' Kathryn had said.

'So I do, and so I mean to be,' Margaret had answered, 'but you see I have no friends at court. My father taught me while he lived, and my only other teacher has gone abroad, so that I have almost no acquaintance with musical people. No, I shall have to plod along and keep on practicing, and hope for some lucky chance to make an opening for me—in the dim distance of the shadowy future, when I get to be old and g..y-headed and wear spectacles.'

She had spoken lightly, but Kathryn felt the seriousness beneath and there had flashed into her mind the thought that if it were Margaret who was to play at the concert, what a help it might be to her.

She put the thought aside, but it would return. She argued that she ought not to be expected to give up her opportunity, that very likely Margaret could not play well enough, and that even if she could the committee would not consent to any change so late in the day.

It was a severe struggle while it lasted, but before she slept that night, Kathryn's better self had triumphed. Early in the morning she went to see Mrs. DeMont. At first that lady declared she would not countenance anything so utterly preposterous, but when she saw how much in earnest Kathryn was she relented. 'I don't like the idea at all,' she said, reluctantly, 'but if you insist you must contrive some way for me to hear the girl play. Tell her you are coming here after school to try the new piano, and ask her to come with you.'

The plan worked, and when Margaret sat down to the new piano, and not only played a difficult piece of music at sight, but played it with taste and expression, Kathryn knew there was no question of her ability. Mrs. DeMont went with them to the door. 'I don't think there will be any trouble about that matter you spoke of,' she said to Kathryn, 'but I will make sure and let you know very soon.'

The message came the next morning, while Kathryn was at breakfast, and she overtook Margaret on the way to school and told her about it.

Margaret flushed, and then turned pale. 'It is very, very kind of you, Kathryn,' she said, with feeling, 'but—it wouldn't be just. I cannot let you do it.'

It took Kathryn a long time to persuade her, but she succeeded at last, and Margaret carried the music home with her when she went.

Kathryn resumed her regular practice with a feeling of despondency. Life was somehow dull and uninteresting, and nothing seemed worth while.

When the new dress came from the dressmaker's, Kathryn's sister, who was an authority in such matters, pronounced it 'A poem—a poem in brown,' and Kathryn admired it a little sadly, thinking of how she had expected to shine in it. Then she brightened suddenly. 'Auntie,' she exclaimed, 'why couldn't I give the dress to Margaret? She is almost exactly my size, and it would be even more becoming to her than to me, because she is lighter. You know you said yourself that I didn't need it.'

'I think it is an excellent idea,' Aunt Jane agreed, heartily, 'if you can make her take it.'

'She is proud,' Kathryn admitted, 'but I will send it to her by express, with a note saying only that it is from a friend, and then, knowing she cannot return it, she will perhaps feel less unwilling to accept it.'

The dress was sent that evening, and as Margaret stayed away from school after this to practice, Kathryn did not see her again till the evening of the concert.

The immense hall was crowded with people, and as Kathryn settled into her seat beside her father and glanced around her she thought a little regretfully of what a privilege it would have been to play before so many.

The entertainment consisted of both vocal and instrumental music, and though Kathryn enjoyed everything on the programme with the keen delight of a true music lover, she yet waited with something like impatience for the number in which she was to have taken part.

It came at last, near the end of the evening, and in the hush preceding it Kathryn bent forward, eager to catch the first glimpse of Margaret.

Ah, here she came! And she was wearing the new dress. How it became her, and how dignified she looked! Kathryn had always before thought of Margaret

as plain, but to-night, in the pretty gown, her eyes shining, her fair hair in wavy puffs about her face, her cheeks slightly flushed, she was almost handsome. Kathryn was proud of her.

How courtly the gray-haired 'cellist was in his manner toward her. The piano stool was too high and he was lowering it. Now she was seated. Now—!

The music of the 'cello was so beautiful that Kathryn listened enraptured, till the deafening applause at the end of the solo brought her back to herself and to the mortifying consciousness that she had never once thought of the accompaniment. Why hadn't she noticed it. It was too exasperating for she would not have another chance, it having been distinctly stated that there would be no encores.

This number was to prove the exception, however. The applause continued so insistently that the two musicians returned. Kathryn supposed that they would come to the front of the stage and bow, and then retire.

But, no!—they were going to play. Kathryn's heart beat tumultuously. Would Margaret be able to carry it through without preparation? It was cruel to make her try! Poor Margaret.

Kathryn sank back with a groan of sympathy. But in another moment she was sitting erect, listening with all her soul to—the 'cello. The music was a Scotch air that everyone knew, with simple variations, tender and pathetic. Kathryn gave a quivering sigh at its close, then remembered with a start that again she had forgotten to listen to Margaret's playing.

It was late when the concert was over, and Kathryn's father was in a hurry to get out of the crush, so she said nothing of her intention to have a word with Margaret. Secretly she was not sorry that it should happen so. The reaction had come, bringing a sense of disappointment and a feeling of dejection. Surely Margaret could not have done justice to her part, or it would have claimed some attention for itself. Also it seemed as if Margaret could not at all appreciate what she, Kathryn, had done for her. In the matter of the dress, too, she could not rid herself of an utterly absurd feeling of injury because Margaret had not thanked her for it, even though it had been sent anonymously.

She was very silent all the way home, doing battle with her despondency, and fell asleep fighting the conviction that her sacrifice had been in vain and that she had been quixotic and foolish to make it.

But when she awoke in the morning, with the glorious sunlight flooding the room, the unhappy feelings of the night before had vanished. What if Margaret did not appreciate the sacrifice she had made; it must have been of some advantage to her, and she was glad she had made it. Conscience had told her it was the right and generous thing to do, and she was thankful she had listened to the voice of conscience. Her heart went out in love to Margaret. Yes, she was glad and thankful, and her joy shone in her face.

She was nearly ready to go down, when her aunt called that there was someone in the parlor who wished to see her.

As Kathryn entered the room, Margaret Eastman came swiftly toward her, and throwing her arms about her neck, kissed her. Such a demonstration from one who had always been so reserved and self-contained nearly took Kathryn's breath away.

'You cannot know—it is impossible for you ever to know—how much I thank you,' Margaret said, impulsively. 'It was the one thing I needed—the chance to show in public what I could do, and I never should have had the chance but for you.

'It seems incredible,' she went on, 'but the great 'cellist was pleased with my accompanying; he even declared it was perfect. I could hardly believe my ears, he has the reputation of being so critical and severe. He said just what my father used to say, that an accompaniment should not assert itself, but be a background, a setting for the other music, and he insisted that the applause was for me as well as for him, though the people themselves might not be aware of it. He wrote down my address, and hoped we should play together again some time.

'Then the lady who sang the solo introduced herself—'

'Mrs. Graham?' interrupted Kathryn, eagerly. 'She is one of the sweetest singers in the city, and just as lovely as she can be.'

'Yes, that was the name. She sings a great deal at private houses, and she has engaged me to play with her next Friday afternoon. She says she would like to have me often, and that she thinks she can put me in the way of getting pupils. After the concert a lady from the audience came and asked me to teach her little girl through the summer vacation.

'You see what you have done for me. I can begin now to help support the family, and my dear mother can take life more easily.

'And my dress! Didn't it come from you? Ah, I knew it did. I was not going to take it at first, but my mother said it would be ungracious and unkind, for you must have wanted me to have it. It is so beautiful! Do you know what I should have had to wear if you hadn't given it to me? A rusty black brilliantine skirt and a very plain gray flannel waist. You see what you saved me from.'

They both smiled, though the tears were near their eyes, too.

'I won't keep you any longer from your breakfast; I should have waited till after it, but I just couldn't,' Margaret apologized. Then, as they went out of the room together, she said, wistfully, 'it troubles me to think that my gain was your loss—that you should have missed your opportunity.'

'But I didn't miss it,' Kathyrn said. Then she laughed at Margaret's perplexed expression. 'I had two opportunities,' she explained, 'and I took the best one. You needn't feel badly one bit, my dear.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is May, 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Love's Loss and Gain.

Matthew xvi., 25.

(Miss Louise E. Barrows, in New York 'Observer.')

'For my sake. For my sake,' the words made 'melody in the heart' of a bright faced girl of nineteen who, resting her hands on the shoulders of a manly lad three years younger, looked steadfastly into his troubled eyes, saying:

'Ernest, my brave brother, give your consent. God has made the way very plain that you may carry out the wish of their hearts,' here the steady voice broke a little, but the smile was strong as she added: 'You will spoil my life if you do not.'

'I shall spoil it if I do,' he broke forth impetuously. 'Your life plan is as dear to you as mine to me. Why hasn't God made the way plain for you too? Don't you think I care for your glorious voice as much as mother and father.' With a choking sob he broke from her, muttering, as he paced rapidly up and down: 'The mean old skinflint! He'd get it all back!'

Slipping her arm within his, Helen quieted his steps to hers, until, with tender pleading she won the victory, leaving him then with a loving kiss, her heart still singing: 'Whosoever will lose his life for my sake.'

Her victory over self had been won near early dawn, after hours of conflict. A month before her father's uncle, living with a servant only, taken ill, had sent for her parents. The danger was over in a week, but on the way home there was a fatal railway accident, and in the graves of the father and mother were buried hopes and plans for the future.

Mr. Leigh, a man of good salary but little in store, had purposed that Ernest should have a college education and that Helen's voice, showing rare qualities, should have every advantage. While the sister and brother were secretly planning how each could best serve the other, came a letter from Uncle Joshua offering to complete Ernest's education on condition that Helen would live with him until he died.

Ernest indignantly protested against Helen's being 'buried alive,' with the 'old miser,' and her own heart was so heavy with the prospect it was not until she rose to the joy of sacrifice that she could prevail. Well was it for her, that she did not fully realize what a weary, wearing, laying down of life there was to be in the eight years that followed. Once for all, at the outset, she shut her eyes to visions of brilliant concert halls, spell-bound audiences, study abroad and an independent life; but she could not shut out the rasping fault-finding tone, the fretted visage and the never ending whims of Uncle Joshua, nor always still her naturally proud spirit under the sense of dependence.

Uncle Joshua had never married, and at seventy-five, broken in health, he was a perfect specimen of an ungodly, miserly, selfish man. A woman of a timid nature would have yielded to the pressure and become a shrinking martyr, but being self-reliant and hopeful, Helen, none the less a martyr, none the less prayerful, religiously cultivated cheerfulness and good temper combating Uncle Joshua's whims when that seemed best and yielding where

submission appeared more wise. He was more whimsical about her voice than anything else. For weeks he would not have a song in the house, but again he would listen with eyes closed an hour at a time.

The events of her life were Ernest's vacations. Her daily prayer for his conversion was answered, but with the blessing came a deeper laying down of life, for, in the spiritual needs of the far East, Ernest heard the voice of the Lord and answered: 'Here am I, send me.' Seven years since Helen had pleaded: 'You will consent, dear?' and again, she looked lovingly and firmly into his eyes saying: 'Go, my blessed brother, for God calls you.'

In the year that followed Uncle Joshua failed rapidly. There came no glorious answer to her prayers for him, no confession of love to God; but he grew more gentle and patient, though restless, if she were long away from him. Yet he insisted on her acceptance of a place in the choir, for which she had long been sought, and with every Saturday night came a box of rich roses without which her dress would not have satisfied him. One Sunday afternoon, she left the room after singing for him. On her return she found him sitting back in his chair, a smile on his lips and a rose in his hand, but her startled cry and tears did not break his rest.

Two weeks later Helen sat alone before the open fire musing. All had been left to her, the house and a comfortable income. 'Too late, Argus,' she murmured, addressing the setter at her feet; 'too late for the old ambition, for study abroad, but I will have here what Aunt Elsie used to say every house needed, a baby and an old lady. I will sleep over it one night more.'

The next morning found Helen on her way to a Children's Home. She knew just what she wished, and she found it, a dimpled darling with velvet eyes and sunlit hair, and none to claim her. This was surely an answer to prayer. As she fondled the little one eagerly, her eyes were held by the pathetic gaze of a pair of grey eyes belonging to a little girl of apparently ten years whose deformed spine gave Helen a thrill of pain. She turned hastily to speak with the matron, but again the longing gaze arrested her; she went home with: 'Whosoever will lose his life for my sake' in her ears. Many homes would open to the fairy-like prattler. None had opened to the sad-looking child who had been there five years, and could remain but two longer since she was older than she looked. Why not have both? Her means would not permit, for the letter which she hoped was to win her dear old lady was already on its way to her mother's cousin, a comforting, motherly heart whom every home coveted.

Two evenings later, the question settled as to the home of the longing grey eyes, Helen received two letters. The contents of one drooped her head with disappointment. Her 'heart of comfort,' she could not have. Cousin Martha had promised a nephew whose wife had just died to live with him while the children were young, perhaps always. Then into Helen's heart leaped the thought, 'I will have both children. That is what is meant.' She opened the second letter, read it twice, then, half laughing, half crying, paced the floor excitedly. It was from another elderly lady not of the precious mother's family, but kin to Uncle Joshua. Brief and stiff it ran:

H——, Mass.,
October 16, 18—.

'Dear Miss Leigh,—You are a young woman with a home; I am an old one without any. All my life I've had a snug one of my own, but had to mortgage it just before my husband died. I hurt my arm last year, and could not earn enough to make the last payment, so the meanest man in town who held it foreclosed. I count on doing enough to pay for what I eat if you will lodge me. If we don't agree, we can separate. Yours respectfully, Hannah Crocker.'

'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these.' 'Whosover will lose his life for my sake.' And the loyal heart replied: 'My Lord, make it a home for thee and thine.'

Mrs. Crocker came. Tall and active, at sixty-five, her hair was slightly touched with grey. At first Helen feared the ideal home would be a failure. Mrs. Crocker, a thorough New England housekeeper, chafed under Nora's thriftlessness in the kitchen, conscious that she had no right to interfere with Helen at the head. In place of ministering to an enfeebled woman, Helen's difficulty lay in finding enough for the energetic woman to do. The injured arm hindered activity, but did not decrease the restless desire to be at something.

Olive, Helen's 'little one,' won the old lady by becoming her docile pupil in the old-fashioned arts of sewing and knitting, but with her also, Helen felt that something was wrong. Delighted with the child's brilliant mind, Helen yearned for her free love, but Olive, inwardly worshipping Helen, was restrained with her as with no one else. When six months had pased Helen and Olive were both ill with scarlet fever. Then did Mrs. Crocker rise to the place which she deserved and ever after filled. Nora yielded at once to the wooing of Tim McQuade, but Mrs. Crocker undaunted held the fort alone until she secured the help she wished from her native town.

Strength came slowly to Helen, who had been more taxed than she realized during Uncle Joshua's last year. Olive came one day to Helen's couch to fasten a lovely rose to the invalid's wrapper. Answering the questioning, longing look in the magnetic eyes, Helen drew the child close, saying:

'Little sister, do you know how much I love you and what a comfort you are?' A passion of tears was the answer, and Helen drew out the fear that she had been taken from pity and that Helen wished sometimes still for the lovely baby she had caressed. In Helen's arms that fear was hushed forever. And now to all, the home became a home indeed, and Aunt Hannah's joy was the mothering of my two girls.'

Helen, radiant in health and happiness, rejoicing that Aunt Hannah's arm had been cured, revelled in the freedom from responsibility which enabled her to minister to those outside as well as at home. The lovely voice became a blessing in mission hall and hospital. Four years passed thus, but to Helen there was coming one of God's beautiful surprises. One afternoon, singing in the children's ward at one of the hospitals, she gave a little wan-faced pet his favorite:

'I think when I read that sweet story of old.'

The other side of the closed doors sat Dr. Osborne, who for years had shut ears and heart to the loving calls of God. He could resist seeing the face of the singer, he could leave the spot as soon as his work was done, but he could not still in his soul the echo of

'Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love.'

God had answered the prayer of the singer that day for some soul.

Three years and again we see Helen in her home, before the open fire, but she is not alone. There is Olive, talking earnestly with the Rev. Ernest Leigh and his wife, who are back for a year. And the home is complete, for there is Aunt Hannah, the dearest, young, old lady, and on her lap is Helen's brown-eyed, golden haired baby girl. Dr. Osborne, tossing Ernest's laughing boy in the air, saying:

'Uncle Everett must go out for a while, but Aunt Helen will sing for you. It is three years to-day since she first sang to me.'

No Two Alike.

God will not listen to the prayer of a man who is too lazy to go to work and try to help himself.

If the whole earth could know the truth about God to-day, the millennium would begin to-morrow.

It takes a touch of darkness sometimes to tell how near God is.

You can tell more about a man's religion by travelling a hundred miles with him, than you can by hearing him talk for years in class meeting.

When sin hides, it forgets that it cannot cover up its tracks.

The only right way to start out to lead a religious life is to do it publicly.

The father helps the devil who makes his boy do a man's work with a dull hoe.

Real Christian character is something that the devil's mud won't stick to.

What the devil did in the Garden of Eden every sinner would try to do in heaven.

Nothing but the goodness of God keeps the devil from doing for each one of us what he did for Job.

Many people claim to be praying for the conversion of the world who are not giving five dollars a year to help secure it.

'He that taketh not his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me.'

Many a man who chews and smokes can prove to his own satisfaction that it is wrong for a woman to wear a feather on her bonnet.—'Ram's Horn.'

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

'Daily Witness,' post paid, $3 a year.
'Weekly Witness,' post paid, $1 a year.
'World Wide,' post paid, $1 a year.
'Northern Messenger,' post paid, 30c year.

The New Girl

'You couldn't spare me a very little money, could you, father?' Janet leaned over him as he counted some bills.

'If it is for something positively necessary, my daughter.'

'I can't say it is exactly that; but I never get a cent of pocket money now, father.'

He sighed heavily as he answered: 'I know it, and I'm sorry; but the pressure seems harder and harder every year. Wants seem to increase faster than the means of supplying them. Hand this to your mother, Janet.'

'Forgive me for worrying you, father. I ought to be making my own spending money, but there are so few ways of doing that unless I go away from home.'

'We can't let you do that. There's enough for all, if we are careful.'

'Take it out to Bridget,' said her mother, as Janet gave her the money from her father.

'Twelve dollars. Dear me!' said Janet to herself, rather fretfully, as she walked slowly to the kitchen. 'Bridget has earned it, and I don't grudge it to her, but how I wish I could earn twelve dollars.'

'Wirra, wirra!' Bridget sat on the floor, holding an open letter and rocking herself backward and forward with dismal groans. Pots, pans and kettles were around in their usual confusion. 'It's meself must be lavin' yez the day, Miss Janet.'

Servants were hard to find, and Janet's face wore the accustomed expression of dismay with which such notices were always received, as she asked: 'What's the matter, Bridget?'

'It's me sister's got the fayver, bad, and it's meself must be going to her. An' it's six weeks entirely I'll be shtayin' when it's so far to be goin'.'

As Janet handed her the money, a sudden thought came to her.

'I'm sorry for you, Bridget. Of course you must go if you must. Perhaps we can get along without anyone, till you are ready to come back.'

'Mother,' she said, turning to her, 'Bridget's going away for a few weeks.' Mother's face grew dismal as Janet's had, for she was not strong, and there were four boys.

'An' plase ye, ma'am, it's afther coming to try to get the place I am.'

'What do you mean, Janet?' said her mother, laughing as the young girl courtesied low.

'Yon can't do it all, Janet.'

'What I can't do, I'll hire. I want to do something, and I want to get a little money I can feel is my own, and that I have a right to spend if I want a new book or a bit of music or anything else. I can't get a school—there are forty applications where there is one vacancy. I can't get more than one or two music scholars. I can't dispose of fancy work or painting, and if I could, I might dabble over them for a month and not clear more than Bridget does in a week, there are so many waiting to do that kind of work. Kitchen work is the only work there appears to be plenty of for girls.'

'You may try it, but I think you will get tired of it.'

Janet spent a good share of her first week's wages in buying gingham aprons, rubber gloves, and paying a stout woman to come for half a day to scrub and scour until the last traces of good-natured, slovenly Bridget's presence were removed. Then, with clean kitchen, clean utensils, and clean towels, Janet took hold of her work with a right good will.

'We'll all co-operate,' said father, when he heard of her intention.

'We'll all co'operate,' cried the boys; and they kept their word well in bringing wood and water and sweeping the walks. And after the first morning, she found that Tom had made the fire and ground the coffee before she came down.

'There's great satisfaction in doing things thoroughly,' said Janet to her mother, after the first day or two. 'Before, when we have been without a girl, I have always hated it because I tried how much I could shove out of the way. Now that I am making a business of it, I don't feel that way. And, mother, you would be astonished to see how little cleaning there is to be done when nobody makes any unnecessary dirt, or how much work can be saved by using your wits to save it.'

She never told her mother how her back ached during those first days of unusual exercise. This wore off as she became accustomed to it. Every day she learned more and more to simplify her work. A few minutes in the kitchen just before bed-time she arranged things exactly to her hand that there was no hurrying or crowding at the busy time in the morning. Careful handling of table linen and other things made the wash smaller, so that the stout woman could do two weeks' wash in one. Janet found that there were few days in which she could not sit down when the dinner work was over. Other surprising things came to light.

'What's the matter that you don't burn any wood now-a-days?' said Tom; 'I have so little splitting to do.' Bridget, like so many of her sisterhood, had always seemed to consider it her bounden duty to keep up a roaring fire all day, regardless of whether there was need of it or not, and father always looked blank over the fuel bill. One-half the quantity was now found amply sufficient, and a difference was soon apparent in many other things. The food for one person is always noticeable in a small family where a rigid hand must be kept on expenses, besides which, Janet was not slow in perceiving how many things went further than before. Odds and ends were utilized which had been thrown away or had counted for nothing, for no one felt afraid of scraps done over by Janet's hands.

'We never were so comfortable before,' said father.

'We never had such good things to eat,' declared the boys, who had highly appreciated the dainty though plain cookery, as contrasted with Bridget's greasy preparations; for Janet, full of an honest determination to earn her wages, had given much attention to the getting up of palatable, inexpensive dishes, seeking a variety, where Bridget had moved in one groove.

'I almost dread having Bridget come back,' said mother.

But the time came when she was hourly expected. Mother sighed as she took a note of the spotless kitchen, in which it was now pleasant to come and lend a hand at cookery, or sit with her knitting, while Janet moved briskly about.

'It's time I was settling with you, Janet,' she said. 'Six weeks—I owe you $18.'

'No; six off for hiring Mrs. Holt and a few other things.'

'Not a bit off, dear; I've been looking over the bills for the month, and I find quite a difference; more than pays for all your extras. Not only in meat and groceries and fuel, but I notice it in the wear and tear and breakage—dear me! I don't think $5 a week covers the expense of Bridget being here.'

'You don't mother, dear?' said Janet, in great delight; 'then you are not tired of your new girl and anxious to have Bridget back?'

'No, indeed,' said mother, fervently.

'Then she isn't coming back. I've found my way of earning, and am going to stick to it for a while. It isn't all pleasant, to be sure, but I don't know any kind of business that is. Only,' she said, laughing, 'I shall insist upon having my wages regularly paid as if I were Bridget. I shall clothe myself out of them, and so be saving dear old overworked father about $5 a week, if you are right in your calculations, mother.'

'What will you do with Bridget when she comes?'

'Mrs. Whitcomb wants a girl, so she can go there.' 'O mother, dear! it's a real comfort to feel as if I were supporting myself. And I wonder why I never thought before how pleasant a way it is, this doing kind and pleasant things for you all.'

And Janet worked on, feeling sure she had found her best way of securing her pocket money in this expending of her energies for those she loved. How many daughters restless and fretful for something to do, might find the same way blessed to themselves and to others in homes made bright and sweet by their faithful ministrations.—Source Unknown.

My Endeavor.

(The Rev. Charles A. Dickinson, D.D., in 'C.E. World.')

I strive, but fail. O why, dear Lord,
Must this my constant record be?
Why finds each daily westering sun
My work for Thee but half begun,
Or done, alas! so selfishly?

I'm tempted oft, and often yield,
For Pleasure has a siren voice.
She sings my scruples quite away,
And with her charming roundelay
Deprives me of the power of choice.

My faith is strong when skies are bright,
But sunny days are all too brief.
When clouds arise and troubles come,
My lips are sealed, my heart is dumb
And full of weary unbelief.

And yet, dear Lord, my comfort is
That all my heart is known to Thee.
Thou knowest that I love Thee, Lord,
And, Saviour mine, I have Thy word
That this shall my salvation be.

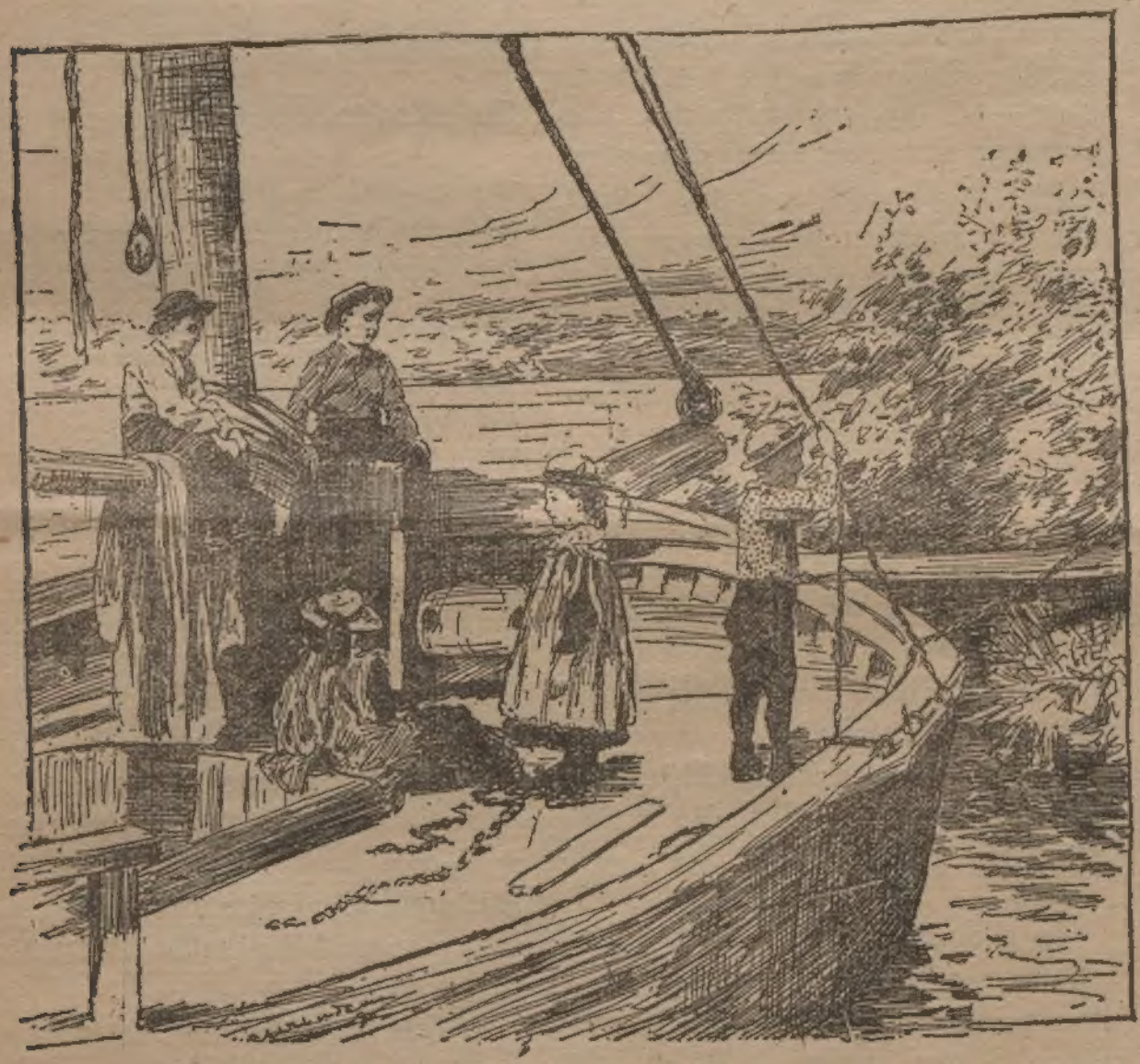
A Bagster Bible Free.

Send five new subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edges, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

What the Freshet Brought.

The storm of wind and rain had lasted several days and the Rappahannock river overflowed its banks. Every day the freshet brought something new down the river—logs of wood and parts of houses. One day a milk cupboard, or portable dairy, with pans and plates on its shelves came floating on the waves.

One morning Phil Gray went to the beach, and looking up the river saw a schooner with two masts drifting down stream. There were no sails, and the vessel rocked helplessly, as if no one guided it. It



came quite close to the shore, and Phil's father, with two other men, went out in a little boat to see what was the matter. They carried a strong rope with them, and towed the vessel to the shore, finding it quite deserted. Then they made it fast to a post high on the beach, so that when the waters subsided they might leave the schooner high and dry.

Phil went on board with the men, and they found many things in the cabin, as if it had not been long deserted. There was a berth or bed, a table, and plates, knives, and forks, with cups and saucers.

'Oh, I will stay here and be the captain!' said Phil, and his father told him that he might play here until somebody claimed the vessel. A troop of little boys and girls soon took possession of the deserted schooner in the daytime, and Phil was the captain. He wanted to sleep there one night at least; but his mother said 'No,' and it was well he did not.

Another storm of rain and wind raised the river again, and the water was too high for Phil and his crew to reach their vessel. When the sun shone out and they could visit the beech no schooner was there; only a post with a broken rope hanging from it. Their play ship was gone and far down the river they could see the dismantled hull tossed on the waves. 'I'm glad we're not on her now,' said Phil, but he was ready to cry at losing his schooner.—'Our Little Ones.'

The Little White Kitten.

(Madge Fox, in 'Our Animal Friends.')

There was once a dear little kitten whose tiny pink paws were as soft as velvet and whose silky fur was as pure white as the fleecy, floating clouds which go sailing over the blue sky in the summer time.

This little kitten lived with its black and white mother and two small black brothers away up on the hayloft in a big barn. The small black brothers and the little white kitten led a merry life together. The old black and white mother cat loved them dearly, and the wonder is that she didn't wear her rough old tongue all out trying to keep them clean.

At last there came a time when the small black brothers were left alone in the hayloft because a very sad accident happened when the old black and white mother cat was away catching mice.

The barn in which this happy family lived was a doctor's barn, and the three kittens had often heard the doctor's boy open the big outside doors and come in and take the doctor's carriage out into the barnyard; but, as their nest was away back on the hayloft they had never ventured near enough to the edge to see what was going on. One day, however, when they had grown very tired of chasing their own tails and scrambling about in the hay, they crept very carefully to the edge of the loft and peeped into the barn below. If the doctor's boy had glanced up then he would have been very much surprised to see the three little kittens watching him, but he didn't look up nor look around at all, and that is why he didn't see the poor little white kitten when she fell from the loft right down into the doctor's carriage.

The poor little white kitten mewed and mewed and mewed, but the doctor's boy didn't hear it; and, just as soon as the restless horses were hitched to the carriage, the doctor himself came and jumped in, and away they drove.

On and on and on they went, farther and farther from the cozy home and the small black brothers. The poor little kitten, curled into a pitiful white ball of downy fur in the bottom of the carriage, was too frightened to think or stir, but when the carriage stopped at last and the doctor got out and tied his horses, the little white kitten ventured to look around. Then she gave a mighty jump, and followed the doctor, with cunning little

leaps and springs, to the door of a large white house.

The doctor was so big, and altogether so important a person, that he didn't know there was a little white kitten at his heels and, when the door was opened and the doctor went inside, in went the kitten too.

Lying on a snowy cot, in one of the prettiest rooms in the beautiful home, was the doctor's tiny patient. Putting his medicine-case on a low chair by the bedside, the doctor stood for a few moments looking thoughtfully at the pale baby face and talking in low tones to the child's anxious mother.

In the meantime the little white kitten was trying to balance its small self on this dignified doctor's medicine-case. It was then that the large blue eyes opened, and for the first time in many a long day the stillness of the pretty room was broken by the laugh of a child.

It may be that Janet's curly dark hair reminded the little white kitten of the two small black brothers in the hayloft, but, however that may be, the kitten with the tiny pink paws and the child with the tiny pale baby face from that time on were the best of friends, and, as Janet grew better every day thereafter, she named the kitten 'Medicine,' because, so she said, the little white kitten cured her.

And no one ever knew where the little white kitten came from.

The Boy that is Liked.

A gentle boy, a manly boy,
Is the boy I love to see;
An honest boy, an upright boy
Is the boy of boys for me.

The gentle boy guards well his lips,
Lest words that fall may grieve:
The manly boy will never stoop
To meanness, nor deceive.

An honest boy clings to the right
Through seasons foul and fair;
An upright boy will faithful be
When trusted anywhere.

The gentle boy, the manly boy,
Upright and honest, too,
Will always find a host of friends
Among the good and true.

He reaps reward in doing good,
Finds joy in giving joy,
And earns the right to bear the name,
A gentle, manly boy.

—'Waif.'

Baby Ruth's Bee Story.

(Julia Tyler, in 'Little Men and Women.')

So many things were left to do that Baby Ruth was not nearly ready to go to bed. Her clothes were off, her little white nightgown was on; but Baby Ruth was not sleepy.

Mamma said: 'Does Ruth want to hear about the bee?'

Yes, Ruth did. So mamma began: 'One morning all the bees flew out of the hives and went over to the linden trees. Each bee carried two little honey-bags, which she filled with linden-honey, and then took home to the hive. Then she went back for more. All the bees worked hard till they were tired. Then they went home to sleep—all but one little bee, who thought she could carry another load of honey before night. Back she flew to the linden trees and filled her two honey-bags; but, before she was half way home, it grew very dark.

'What could the poor little bee do? She looked and looked for a place to sleep, till at last she found and crept into a red rose.

'The rose closed her petals over the tired little bee, while the south wind swung her back and forth, back and forth, till the little bee was—sound—asleep.'

Mamma's voice had been sinking lower and lower, till, when she stopped, Baby Ruth was fast asleep.

In the morning she thought of the bee, and, when she went into the rose garden, she began to pull the red roses open. At last she opened the largest of them all, and there was the little bee!

Sidney's Verses.

Sidney was five years old. His grandma's house was so near that he could go to see her a good many times a day. One morning Grandma was sitting at her desk writing, and she heard the side door open. She knew who it was, and called, 'Sidney, come in here.' Ah, yes! it was Sidney, for in a second her little boy stood by her side.

She held up a pretty red card with some verses on it, and said: 'Now, Sidney, Grandma wants you to learn the verses on this card for the next Mission Band meeting. Do you think you can?'

'You read one verse to me, Grandma,' said Sidney. So Grandma read a verse, and he liked it, and said, 'Oh yes, I can learn that.'

His hands were pretty black, because he had been making mud pies, so Grandma folded the pretty card in a paper, and he carried it to his mamma. And what do you think? At the Mission Band meeting, Sidney stood up and said all the verses without making one mistake.

Wasn't that pretty good for a five-year-old boy? These are the verses:—

I'll be a missionary now
And work the best I may,
For if I want to work for God
There surely is a way.

I'll pray for those who cross the sea;
My offering too I'll send,
And I'll do all that's in my power
This great bad world to mend.

We all may work for Jesus
Wherever we may be;
I'll try to work for Jesus
Who did so much for me.

—'Daybreak.'

Wishing.

Don't you wish the world were better?
Let me tell you what to do,
Set a watch upon your actions,
Keep them always straight and true.
Rid your mind of selfish motives.
Let your thoughts be clean and high;
You can make a little Eden
Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser?
Well, suppose you make a start
By accumulating wisdom
In the scrap-book of your heart.
Do not waste one page on folly,
Live to learn and learn to live;
If you want to give men knowledge,
You must get it ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy?
Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness
As you pass along the way:
For the pleasure of the many
May be oft-times traced to one,
As the hand that plants the acorn,
Shelter armies from the sun.

—'Youth's Companion.'

LESSON IX.—MAY 31.

Romans viii., 1-14.

Golden Text.

For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. Romans viii., 14.

Home Readings.

Monday, May 25.—Rom. viii., 1-14.
Tuesday, May 26.—Rom. viii., 15-25.
Wednesday, May 27.—Rom. viii., 26-39.
Thursday, May 28.—Ps. xlvi., 1-11.
Friday, May 29.—Gal. v., 16-25.
Saturday, May 30.—Rom. v., 1-11.
Sunday, May 31.—Rom. vi., 13-23.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

1. There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit.

2. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.

3. For—what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh—God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh;

4. That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit.

5. For they that are after the flesh do mind things of the flesh, but they that are after the Spirit the things of the Spirit.

6. For to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace;

7. Because the carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be;

8. So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God.

9. But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now, if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.

10. And if Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin, but the spirit is life because of righteousness.

11. But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you.

12. Therefore, brethren, we are debtors, not to the flesh, to live after the flesh.

13. For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die: but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live.

14. For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.

For the second time this year we have a portion of the epistle to the Romans. Remember that Romans was written from Corinth, during Paul's second missionary journey, and was carried to the Christians at Rome by Phebe, a deaconess. Dr. Gray, in his Synthetic Bible Studies, says :—'Galatians had presented the doctrine of justification by faith from the human side, but Romans should treat of it from the divine side. Humanly speaking, man is justified by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, but that which God does to man, is to give him his own righteousness. And this is really the theme of the epistle to the Romans, viz.: The gift of the divine righteousness.' To follow Dr. Gray a little further, Romans treats, in the parts preceding our lesson for to-day, of 'the gift of righteousness,' 'the necessity of the gift,' 'the application of the gift,' 'the effect of the gift upon man in his relation to God.' In chapters vi.-viii., the epistle treats of 'the effect of the gift upon man in his own experience.'

One writer says of Romans viii.: 'If Holy Scripture was a ring, and the Epistle to the Romans its precious stone, chapter viii. would be the sparkling point of the jewel.' 'Beecher calls Romans vii. a prison-house, and defies any man to get out of that chapter into the glorious eighth save by the one word "Christ."' This epistle was written, it is thought, in the spring of A.D. 57, but Paul did not reach Rome until 59 or 60. Is it not significant that, not only was the Apostle providentially brought to Rome to preach, but the great doctrine of hope and life, which he was spreading, was given to the city at least two years in advance of his own arrival? It was poured into the heart of the world of that day, so that every pulsation of political, military and commercial life from that centre, should aid in spreading it abroad among men. One of the strongest incentives to faith in the Gospel, to be found outside the text of the Bible itself, comes from a study of the marvellous way in which God prepared the world for the advent of his Son, its Saviour, and for the spread of the knowledge of salvation through him.

It may be found a little difficult for the scholar to divide this lesson into parts, yet we would not advise him to be content with the outline given here, which is intended as merely a suggestion, and to facilitate the discussion of the message.

1. The Law of the Spirit, verses 1-4.
2. The Carnal Mind, 5-8.
3. The Spirit of Christ, 9-11.
4. The Sons of God, 12-14.

In the preceding chapter, Paul describes the bondage of sin through the law, not that the law is an instrument of sin, but that, by showing certain things to be sins, the law thus convicts those who are guilty of them. After showing how impossible it is for one to free himself from this bondage of sin, Paul exclaims, vii., 24: 'O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' In vii., 25, the next verse, he answers by exclaiming, 'I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord.'

Now, in the first verse under consideration, he goes on to say that there is 'therefore'—that is, because of Christ—no condemnation to those who are in him, who walk after the Spirit. He has just discussed the law of sin, and goes on to consider the law of the Spirit. Perhaps it will aid our understanding of these two chapters to observe that the word 'law' is here used by the Apostle with two different meanings. 1. Direct commandments, and, 2. The power, force or nature by which a thing works.

For instance, he says, vii., 22, 23: 'For I delight in the law of God after the inward man: But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind.' By the 'law of God' Paul refers to the commandments of the Scriptures, but 'another law' means a principle, a force, a strong tendency, the nature of things. So also 'the law of the Spirit,' refers to the power, authority, or principle by which the Spirit operates. We discover that it is through Christ that we are freed from our besetting sins, not by our own resolutions and good purposes. Christ not only died to save us, but by his power we become victors over temptation. The law could not do this; it could fix sin and its penalty, but could not deliver man from it. This failure of the law to keep us from sinning was due to our own weak natures. But God sent his own Son in the flesh, as a sacrifice for sin, and condemned sin in the flesh. You see, God not only forgives past sins through Christ, but he expects us to live lives of righteousness, also through his Son.

Paul now enlarges somewhat upon the righteousness of the law by contrasting the spiritual and the carnal mind. 'They that are after the flesh,' those who are taken up with concern for their temporal wants and with the pursuit of worldly pleasure—such 'mind the things of the flesh.' They have no concern for spiritual affairs, and neglect their souls for the sake of their bodies. On the other hand those that are under the law of the Spirit mind the things of the Spirit. The claims of God and the needs of their souls occupy their attention. The law of the Spirit has freed the believer from the law of sin and death, 'for to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace.' We are familiar with the fact that those who are mere pleasure seekers may find fun, and excitement, and attain certain coveted desires, but they do not pass lives of peace. Not only life, but also peace belongs to the spiritually minded man. The reason for these things is that the carnal mind is enmity against God, because it cannot be subject to the law of God. This law is opposed to all the selfishness and self-gratifications of the carnal mind. Paul says they that are 'in the flesh,' that is, those who have neglected the development of their spiritual lives and live only for temporal enjoyments, cannot please God.

Though those who are thus 'in the flesh' cannot please God, Paul hastens to add, 'But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you.' It is possible for the disciples of Christ to please God, though the wordling fails to do so, for the disciple has dwelling in him the Spirit of God to direct, strengthen, teach, and control him.

It is not only the privilege of the Christian to have this indwelling Spirit of Christ, but it is essential to his being a Christian, for, if one has not the Spirit, he is none of his. The expressions, 'Spirit of God' and 'Spirit of Christ' are used interchangeably, showing the oneness of the persons of the Godhead.

If Christ is then in us, through the Spirit, though our bodies are dead because of sin, yet our spirits are alive on account of this righteousness of God that is given to us through Christ. Paul hastens to present the hope of a resurrection even of the mortal bodies of the righteous. If this Spirit of him that raised Christ from the dead dwells in us, he will also quicken our mortal bodies. Paul is always calling attention to the glorious hopes, and grand prospects of the faith he offers, as well as presenting its duties and the results of unbelief. So it is here: he shows that, without the indwelling Spirit, we cannot hope to be Christ's, but having in us the Spirit, we are his and hope for the resurrection of the dead.

In connection with verse 9, let us read I. Corinthians xv., 22, 23, 'For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order: Christ the firstfruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming.'

Therefore, in view of what is brought within our reach through Christ, we are debtors. The word 'debtor' here conveys the idea of duty. We are in duty bound, or under obligation, but not to the flesh, which has done none of these things for us, but we owe a duty to God. If we live after the flesh, if we are devoted to the interests of our present lives, rather than to our duty to God, then we must die. If, however, through the Spirit we mortify, that is, put to death, the deeds of the body, we shall live. It is not, of course, meant by the Apostle that we are not to take proper care of our bodies, provide food, clothing, and shelter, and even provide proper exercise and necessary recreation. These things are required by the physical natures that God has given us, but how many there are who are wholly given up to such concerns, who never give their spiritual interests a thought. They are, perhaps, honest people and good neighbors, but they do not take any thought about their souls or the hereafter, and do not care about the work of spreading the Gospel among men. They live after the flesh, and death is the only prospect for their starved spiritual natures.

But those who are led by the Spirit of God, so freely given to all who desire him, are the sons of God, now in this life, the sons of the heavenly Father. In verses 16 and 17 of this chapter we read, 'The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God: And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ.'

In an age when so much is being preached and written about ethical Christianity, salvation through personal righteousness alone, and following Christ only as an example, such passages as Romans vii. and viii. ought to be more often presented with force and frankness. Without Christ as a Saviour, and his indwelling Spirit, man is lost beyond hope.

Next week we have the subject of Paul's voyage and shipwreck, Acts xxvii., 33-44.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, May 31.—Topic—Missions in the island world. Isa. xlii., 10-17; lx., 8, 9.

Junior C. E. Topic

EVERY CHRISTIAN A MISSIONARY.

Monday, May 25.—Through prayer. Matt. vi., 10.

Tuesday, May 26.—Through faith. I. Chron. xx., 17.

Wednesday, May 27.—Through gifts. I. Chron. xxix., 8.

Thursday, May 28.—Through testimony. Rom. i., 16.

Friday, May 29.—Through invitations. Rev. xxii., 17.

Saturday, May 30.—Through example. Matt. v., 16.

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The following are the contents of the issue of May 9, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The 'Affaire'—Paris Correspondence of the 'Pilot,' London.
Paul P. du Chaillu—The 'Evening Post,' New York.
Life's Little Ironies—'The Speaker,' London.
The Kaiser's Speeches—The New York 'Times' Saturday Review.
The Re-creation of Chaldea—The 'Manchester Guardian.'
The British Food Supply—'The Standard,' London.
National Physical Training—By J. B. Atkins, in the 'Manchester Guardian.'
Prayers for the Dead in St. Paul's—'The Telegraph,' London.
Comments on Golf—By Horace Hutchinson, in the 'Westminster Budget,' London.
Shakespeare Day—The Birmingham 'Daily Post.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

'Everyman'—By Q. V., in the 'Westminster Budget.'
Everyman and Lord Quex—By P. F. W. Ryan, in the 'Week's Survey,' London.
The Triumph of Everyman—By John Corbin, in the 'New York 'Times.'
The Tuning of Bells—The 'Daily News,' London.
A Gruesome Story—New York 'Evening Post.'
The Della Robbins—By A. H. M., in the 'Daily News,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

In May—By John Burroughs, in the May 'Century.'
The Child in the Garden—Henry van Dyke, in 'Atlantic Monthly.'
The Countess of Winchelsea's Works—'The Nation,' New York.
The Mystery of the Sea—'The Morning Post,' London; 'Daily Mail,' London; 'Manchester Guardian,' 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The True History of the American Revolution—'The Athenaeum,' London.
The Blind Faith of the Oriental—'The Spectator,' London.
Imaginary Criticisms—The 'Academy and Literature,' London.
Sermon of the Week—By the Rev. F. B. Meyer, in the Daily News,' London.
Boz Memories—By Percy Fitzgerald, in 'T. P.'s Weekly.'
General Information—By E. B. O., in the 'Pilot,' London.

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Temperance

A Fight Against Odds

(Kate Anderson, in the 'Union Signal.')

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER I.

[Mr. Kilgour, a railway conductor, is killed in the wreck of his train caused by the blunder of a drunken engineer. His sons plan to keep the home together.]

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

The widow burst into tears, and Ralph threw his arm about her and continued in a forced, dry voice: 'The remainder, when invested, will yield you a little income of about $100, with a free home and fine garden, and no rent or interest to pay. Then I can't afford to retain my clerkship at the ticket office with promotion a mere promise of the perhaps distant future. To be sure, I stand the chance to become city agent in time, but as matters are now I can't afford to wait on a salary of $200, so I accepted an offer from Cruickshank this morning as clerk with a good deal of the manager's work in his absence, at a salary of fifty dollars a month and board if I wish it. I think the job will suit me, and I know I can give saisfaction.'

A murmur of gratification rose from the little circle, 'And I'm going to stop school at the end of the term and go to Model School, and teach for two or three years,' announced Willie.

'You needn't do that, Billy,' said Ralph kindly. 'Stay right on till you get a first, and then you can boost yourself through college by teaching or anyway you like, but I'll stand you another year or two at home here.'

Willie protested hotly, but was silenced by the unanimous vote of the family.

Allie had already been employed for some months as stenographer and clerk in Lawyer Lirely's office, and was earning a nice little salary of twenty-five dollars a month.

'You bet I'll earn money, too, mamma. I'll get a job in the holidays,' spoke Claude eagerly, 'and when I'm old enough Mr. O'Hara says he's going to take me into his office and make a famous editor of me.'

All eyes turned with affectionate pride to their darling. Of course Claude would never make aught else than a great man, whatsoever calling he might choose in life.

A shadow loomed in the open doorway, and a very tall, very portly, handsome man was warmly greeted. Mr. Cruickshank was almost the richest man in Riverton. He was sole owner and proprietor of the immense hotel which rivalled in exclusiveness and magnificence some of the best houses in Detroit. Riverton was perhaps the only town of its size in the Province which could support such an enterprise. However, Riverton, being a racing centre, and adjacent to the great Republic, the hotel was extensively patronized by moneyed people on both sides the line. Mr. Cruickshank also owned miles of river and lake front, besides having other extensive business interests in Riverton. Mrs. Kilgour rose to greet him, thanking him warmly for his interest in Ralph.

'My dear Madam, the favor is on Ralph's side; I am most fortunate in securing him for my manager. There is not a lad in five thousand to whom I should offer so much responsibility. Why, any other fellow I know couldn't be trusted to keep straight a year up there. And now, my dear Mrs. Kilgour, I called to ask you to let me know if there is anything I can do for you. Don't hesitate to call on an old friend.'

Mrs. Kilgour again thanked him warmly for his kindness, protesting that he had already done too much.

'Nonsense, nonsense! Kilgour was my oldest friend, and the finest fellow that ever stepped. Many's the unselfish turn he's done me in our boyhood days. Well, Claude, my man, I suppose you will be wanting to earn money like other boys during the holidays. We'll find something for you up at the place where you'll be under Ralph's eye, eh? And, Billy Boy, I've got your job laid out. Ralph will want some help on the big ledger at once. My books are in a sad way since that drunken fool of a Stokes has been clerking it for me.'

'Thank you, Mr. Cruickshank,' said Willie, 'but I had other plans.'

'Eh, what's that?' said Cruickshank, good-naturedly. 'Perhaps I can help you out.'

'Well, sir, I think I can get a job on the new tunnel-work during the holidays, or I am sure of work, for that matter, on the docks.'

Willie was regarded by the family with open looks of disapproval and surprise, and Mr. Cruickshank laughed boisterously.

'Pretty good, Billy, but I'll do better than that for you.' Willie thanked Mr. Cruickshank courteously and said no more.

However, to the chagrin of the family, when the time came, Willie stuck to his resolution not to accept a position of any sort in the Palace Hostelry. Moreover, he urged Claude against taking the job of elevator-boy through the summer holidays.

When pressed for a reason, Willie, who like the rest of the family, was not a professing Christian, and held no pronounced views on temperance or prohibition questions, only shrugged his shoulders impatiently, exclaiming:

'Don't bother me; I just won't, and that's all. I'm no crank, but I have taken an idea that I'm never going to have anything to do with any business which is mixed up, in any way, with liquor.'

'A person would imagine you had been called to act in the capacity of bar-boy in a third-rate tavern. What's the matter with you, Billy boy?' said Ralph, who seldom got irritated at anything, was inclined to let others mind their own business, and never argued with people or despised the principles or even the hobbies of others, though not sharing them himself.

Willie turned away with a petulant fling. He was the opposite in type to his calm natured, strong-minded, even-tempered elder brother, possessing a highly nervous, imaginative and introspective temperament, deeply sensitive and easily touched in his affections and emotions.

In truth, the boy could not explain to himself his reasons for the stand he had taken. He could only feel with his intense, poetic, passionate nature that the father he adored was slain, cruelly, irretrievably, horribly sacrified, because of rum. Were there no buying or selling of whiskey, his goodly young father would still be alive. He held no principles on the liquor question, had formed no hatred of the traffic as a business, but had only turned away with a vague personal shuddering from the very shadow of the thing which had indirectly wrought this awful woe, as one shrinks from an object, innocent in itself, perhaps, but which has been associated with some fearful grief or memory.

(To be Continued.)

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Correspondence

Belmore.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger,' and have taken it for twenty years. We all like it better every year.

HAZEL C. S.

Barnsley, Man.

Dear Editor,—I am going to write to the 'Messenger' to tell all the boys and girls about the way my grandmother came across the ocean. She was only nine years old at the time. They were only about half-way across when it struck a rock. They fastened a rope to each side of a wash-tub, to one rope a man who swam about half a mile to an island and tied the rope to a tree, and they all came across in the wash-tub. The last two, as they went, the bottom fell out of the tub, and my papa's uncle had to come on the rope with a little boy in his teeth. They all had to stay on the island until they were rescued. I am in the third reader in reading and in the fourth in other studies. I have one brother, but no sisters. We have a dog, whose name is Topsy. She will lie down when you tell her, or shake hands. I wonder if any other girl's birthday is the same as mine, Sept. 4. My father is a farmer.

BLANCHE MARY H. (age 12).

Galt, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write to you, and give you a description of our school, and also of an entertainment held there. Our school is situated in the country, about six miles from the town of Galt. It is a neat little stone building, heated by a furnace, and having two rooms, one used as the schoolroom, the other as the cloak and playroom. We also have an organ for the use of both Sunday-school and day school. There were four pupils from here who tried the entrance examination last year, and they all passed successfully. There are two this year, and I hope they will pass, as I happen to be one of them. Our Sabbath-school is held here nine months in the year, from the first of April to December. Our entertainment was a decided success. As our part in the programme, we had, besides dialogues and recitations, three drills, hoop, Columbia and garland. In these were sixteen girls, between the age of six and thirteen, all dressed in white. The audience, seemed to appreciate our efforts, and I think they should, as it took a great deal of patience on the part of the teachers and a great deal of drilling on our part. Serg. Wilkison, one of the Canadian heroes of Hart's River, gave us a very nice address, describing the position of the army when attacked by the Boers and on the march, which was very attentively listened to and enjoyed. The proceeds of our entertainment amounted to sixteen dollars, which we intend to spend on something for the schoolroom. Perhaps I may tell you in some future letter how we invested our money.

KATHARINE McK.

Delta, Ont.

The following verses were composed by Edward P., Delta, Ont. We think it will please our other little readers as much as a letter.—Ed.

THE FOREST LAD.

What's the matter with the forest lad?
He has roamed the forest glad.
He has played among the birds
And watched the cows in enormous herds.

Many a squirrel to their nest has chased,
And with the woodchuck he has raced;
He's as happy as the lark that's glad—
I was once a forest lad.

Nature is his doctor wise,
And he's a lad with dark blue eyes;
He does not his bare feet try to hide,
He will some day be England's pride.

Bay City, Mich.

Dear Editor,—The 'Northern Messenger' reaches me on Saturday morning. I hasten through my work to get reading it. I am almost eleven years old. I am in the fifth grade in school. Our school system is different from yours. We have graduation exercises for those passing from the eighth grade to the high school. I attended one when just one hundred were graduated from the different city schools to the high school, all receiving diplomas. I expect soon to see a letter from my cousin in Harlem, Ont.

FLORENCE E. G.

Otterburne, Man.

Dear Editor,—Will the old gentleman who asks the question from John xiv., 12, kindly give his answer through your paper?

FRANK J.

Maxville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Our town has had local option here for twelve years, and they voted on it this year, and lost it; but we are in hopes yet that we will have a temperance town.

EFFIE R. (age 11).

Crow River, Minn.

Dear Editor,—I am fourteen years of age, and I go and read for the minister. I like it very much. I thank you for the many interesting stories in the 'Messenger.' I like to read them very much. I will name the books I have read. They are: 'Intra Muros,' 'Dream Life,' 'Gulliver's Travels,' and 'Lost to the World.' I like to read stories. Our teacher read the story about Robinson Crusoe. I thought it very interesting.

JEANNETTE N.

Crosshill, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I would like to answer the dear old friend's letter, and I hope he will answer it himself. I thought it meant that when Christ was here on earth we should do the work he did, and now he is gone to his Father, he has left us to do the greater works.

MAGGIE A. (age 11).

Poland, Ont.

Dear Editor,—There is a large Sons of Temperance Division in this place, and the members have organized a Junior Society. It is called 'The Loyal Crusaders.' We school-children all belong. The company meets on Friday afternoon at 3.30. Our teacher was our Worthy Commander last year. This year it is Mr. Robert Stewart. We have a captain, a lieutenant, a marshal, a herald, two ensigns, and six sergeants. All the members are asked to take an additional pledge against tobacco and profanity. Those who take this pledge are called 'Soldiers of Honor.' We have a lovely banner of red and white satin, which the ensigns carry during the enlistment ceremony. We hope to get badges this year. In order to have entertainment at the meefings we had a contest. The boys were on one side and the girls on the other. Marks were given for speeches, songs and recitation, etc. It was decided that whichever side got the least number of marks had to take the company to Robertson's Lake for a picnic. The girls' side won. The boys could not manage to take us to the lake. Their parents were too busy and could not give them the horses, but we all went to the Worthy Commander's home to a blackberry social, and had a good time. I hope some of the readers of this paper will organize a company like ours, and join with us in fighting against King Alcohol. If you wish to know more about it, write to Mrs. Alvin Peters, Supt. Y.P.W., Hampton, Ont.

MARY V. McI.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Miscellaneous Notes.

(Mrs. Abbie M. Worstell, in the New York 'Observer.')

Every woman who has kept house for even a month, sees for herself how much strength, how many steps are saved by keeping things where they belong. Nothing helps more, and the principal reason that the maid is twice as long doing a little thing as the mistress is, that she does not take advantage of this one principle. It helps along in the kitchen routine especially, almost more than anything else.

Boiling potatoes, 'what a simple thing.' 'Anybody can boil a potato.' So they can, after a fashion, but there is a wide difference between a well-boiled one and the soggy specimen set out by the indifferent maid. A competent chef would not keep an assistant or a vegetable cook who allowed his potatoes to boil even one minute after they were done, or who allowed them to stand in the water one minute thereafter. To put potatoes on in cold or boiling water is a matter of choice, but when thoroughly cooked, they should be lifted at once from the boiling water, and dried off five minutes in the oven. Then they will be dry, mealy and inviting. Really, the most nutritious part of potatoes lies next to the skin, and for that reason many do not pare them before cooking.

Salads are as wholesome as any food we can put upon the table in summer, and we can have them all the summer, for there are so many things to combine in different ways—to make a luscious, attractive salad, we need not weary of them—and they are cooling in their nature, and seldom disturb the stomach, even of a dyspeptic. Those who daily serve them need to make the mayonaise in quantity, for it saves time.

The following is a fine dressing. Though not strictly mayonaise, it is convenient and appetizing, and in a cool place will keep indefinitely. Beat the yolks of four eggs into one pint of milk, put over the fire in a milk boiler. Stir two spoonfuls of corn starch and one of dry mustard into one cupful of cold milk, smoothly. Stir this into the boiling milk, and continue stirring for three minutes. This makes the dressing smoother and saves straining it, and saves time. The few minutes cooking prevents the raw flavor of the corn starch. Remove from the fire and stir in half a bottle of salad oil, more or less as desired, beating it in well, and then as much of the best vinegar, slowly added, to make the taste satisfactory. The taste is the criterion of the quantity, because there is so much difference in the quality and the strength of the vinegar. If oil is objected to, melted butter can be used instead, but the dressing will not, of course, have the oil flavor that most people like. When all is complete, put in a Dover eggbeater, and beat the mixture thoroughly for several minutes, put in an earthen dish, cover, and keep in a cool place for use. This is rich enough for ordinary salads, and ample for one week's use. It is not, of course, mayonaise proper, but salad dressing for plain, everyday use. We might add that a French chef or any other, would be shocked at the idea of using salt in a salad dressing, but having so often noticed people adding it to the salad, it was added, liberally, to the dressing with most satisfactory results.

Selected Recipes

Shin of Beef with Vegetables.—Take a piece of the shin of beef weighing two to three pounds, selecting the thick part of the shin. Put one tablespoonful of driping in the stewpan. When it is hot put in the meat. When it has browned on one side turn it and brown it on the other side. Add to the pan two cups of boiling water, one carrot and one turnip cut in dice, and one onion with six cloves stuck in it, and add one stalk of celery and a small bay

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leaf. Cover the kettle. Move it to where its contents will only simmer. Let it simmer for four hours. Then remove the meat and the onion, and with a skimmer lift out the vegetables. If the liquor has much oil on the surface skim it off. Then rub a little flour in cold water. When it is smooth add it to the boiling liquor. Season with salt and pepper. Arrange the meat in the centre of the platter and the vegetables around it. Strain the gravy over all. This dish is inexpensive and particularly nutritious.—'Catholic News.'

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